

The Democratic Pioneer?

TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1854.

BY L. D. STARKE.

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TERMS.

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STARKE, Editor and Proprietor
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OFFICES corner of Main and Road

POETRY.

HEART HISTORY.

BY ROBERT JOSELYN.

upon a time, a maiden
beneath a hawthorn tree,
her lover, close beside her,
mured vows of constancy;
sweeter than the blossom
ling over her, was she;
her heart, within her bosom,
bobbed and glowed tumultuously,
were young and fond and foolish,
ther rich, the story goes;
as proud and pa was mulish,
at their love and great their woes,
my kis-her, and wept and parted,
aring to be ever true,
the maiden broken hearted?
the lover faithful, too?

she wed a wealthy banker,
ader whi-her she was sold;
o city dames outrank her,
her pockets full of gold;
at every ball and party,
ed with lace and jewels rare,
ng very fresh and hearty,
as the v clm of despair.

confound the lucky fellow—
a widow twice his years,
albey, ripe and mellow,
a brace of "little dears,"
antation, servants plenty,
andid mansion, pomp and ease,
the boyish love of twenty,
incurable disease.

from this, ye doting lovers,
our anguish, not to break,
ing of greater value,
in the promises you make.

were made to put in motion
d that otherwise would cool,
re, profit and promotion,
date at Cupid's school.

SCOLANEOUS.

From Household Words.

The Blind Man's Wreath.

day, my poor blind boy!

sorrowful exclamation broke from

of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon

to which a long and wasting

had confined her, and whence she

new she was never more to rise,

the only child of her widow-

kin, beside her, his face

and upon her pillow, for now only

moment of solemn communion with

her, had she revealed the fatal

and told him she must soon die

and watched, and hoped, and trem-

ed many weary months, but never

had he admitted to himself the pos-

ibility of losing her; her failing cheek

dark eye could not reveal to him

the signs of decay, and so long as the

voice maintained its music to his

ear, he had hoped she would

been blind since he was three

and struck by lightning, he had

lost his sight. A dim remem-

ber of his widowed mother's face,

smoothly braided hair, and flowing

dress, was one of the recollections

with the period before all be-

dark to him.

He grew up, tall, slender, deli-

cate of dark pensive eyes which bore

the calamity that had destroyed

her powers of vision; grave, though

and dreamy, enthusiastic, and re-

lating his mother's care with the deep-

er and tenderness. In the

years of his childhood, and when

his education did not take them to

on and elsewhere, they had resi-

ed a town on the sea-coast, in one

of the northern parts of England.

Independent of the natural kindness

very rarely fails to be shown to

any person who is blind, there

about both the widow and her

which invariably rendered their ac-

cesses, and powers of conversation,

equally diversified and uncommon.

Owen had studied much in re-

ach her son, and thus, by improving

natural abilities, had become a per-

son of no common stamp; her intel-

ligence, however being always sub-

to, and fully shadowed by the super-

eminence of love, gentle-

and sympathy; for Heaven help

woman in whom these gifts are not

predominant over any mental endow-

ments whatsoever!

When they walked out together his

mother took his arm; he was proud of

that, he liked to fancy he was some sup-

port to her, and many pitying eyes used

laterly to follow the figure of the widow

in the black dress she constantly wore,

and the tall pale son on whom she leaned

confidently, as if striving with a

sweet deception to convince him that he

was indeed the staff of her declining

strength. But gradually the mother's

form grew bent, her step dragged wea-

rely along, and the expression of her face

indicated increasing weakness. The

walks were at an end; and before long

she was too feeble to leave her bed, ex-

cepting to be carried to the summer par-

lor, where she lay upon a sofa beside an

open window, with flowers twining

around the casement, and the warm sun-

shine filling all things with joy, save her

foreboding heart and the anxious son

who incessantly hung over her. Friends

often came to visit them, and turned

away with deep sadness as they noted

the progress of her malady, and heard

the blind man ask each time whether

they did not think her better—oh, surely

a little better than when they last be-

held her?

Among all those, no friend was so

welcome or brought such solace to the

sick room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl

of nineteen, one of the beauties of the

country, and the admiration and delight

of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had

danced Mary upon her knees, and Ed-

ward used to make baskets and weave

garlands for her when he was a boy of

twelve, and she a little fairy of six years

old; and thereabout, stood beside him, and en-

deavored to soothe the voiceless anguish

which it terrified her to witness.

Another interval, when no sound

broke the stillness that prevailed, and

again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes, and

saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side.

They were associated with the previous

current of her thoughts, and a smile

lighted up her face.

As I wished, as I prayed, to die!

My children both. Kiss me, Mary, my

blessing, my consoler! Edward, nearer,

near! Child of so many hopes and

prayers—all answered now!

And with her bright vision unclouded,

her rejoicing soul took wing, and sorrow and tears

were no more.

Four months had passed since Mrs.

Owen's death, and her son was still

staying at Woodlands, the residence of

Mary's father, Colonel Parker, at about

two miles distance from Edward Owen's

solitary home; but he had been pre-

pared to remove, after the first

shock of his grief had subsided.

Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind

people, and the peculiar situa-

tion of Edward I Owen appealed to

their best feelings, so they made no

opposition to his removal, stopping

as he drew near her, 'you do you do

injustice.'

The sense of her beauty, of an ex-

quisite harmony about her, was clearly

perceivable to the blind man; he rever-

ently touched the flowing robe, and placed

his hand upon the flowery wreath.

Edward, my dearest, take comfort,

I have hope. God is indeed merciful.

'Oh, Edward, Edward, Edward!

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mother took his arm; he was proud of

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port to her, and many pitying eyes used

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[From the N. O. Picayune.]

IMPORTANT FROM HAVANA.
The letter we publish this morning from Havana came on the Crescent City, but did not reach us until yesterday.— We hasten to publish it, as containing extremely important intelligence. The statements of facts may be relied upon implicitly as from a source well informed and scrupulously faithful. The correctness of the writer's knowledge of what is the policy adopted and what are the measures decided upon for carrying it out, has been proved by the accuracy with which he has through our columns predicted just what has been done up to this time, in the work of preparing for Cuba the destiny of St. Domingo.

The disclosures in this letter are of the most startling kind. The march towards abolitionism is growing bold and rapid. The object is scarcely pretended to be disguised—the consummation of the project is within view. Two or three more decrees, containing the same principles as those already promulgated, will seal the doom of the white race in Cuba, and consign the island—and not remotely—to the most brutal African domination.

We need not comment this subject to the attention of our readers. It is for them the question of the day, literally almost of the day—for never was a short future more filled with portentous events for them and their fortunes.

HAVANA, MAY 4, 1854

DEAR PIC.—It is only when there is matter of grave and serious import that I deem it prudent to run the risk of addressing your letters for publication, for those which have hitherto been published in the Picayune, have caused no little commotion here, and the Marquis thinks he has the trap set to catch the "Sentinel" asleep. I have from time to time given you information of actual and intended measures of the Government, which have an important bearing upon the relations of this island to the United States, and it is with some complacency that I can say I have never led you into a mistake. However great the risk, I must again take up the pen for the purpose of laying before your readers the infamous policy that has been fully adopted here, and which must ultimately result in turning this island into a howling wilderness.

Yesterday the official gazette published a decree of the Captain General, and it has been this morning republished without comment by the *Diario de la Marina*. The ostensible object of which is to stop the slave trade, but the real design of which is to prepare for the final step of negro emancipation.

I say that its ostensible object is to stop the slave trade, for this is the second decree within the period of the Marquis of Pezuela's Government that has been issued with that avowed purpose. I commented on the first some three months since, proving that not only was it unnecessary, because existing laws and treaties, if honestly executed, are fully sufficient to stop the traffic.— But that the former decree was intended for a covert purpose, and subsequent events have fully borne me out, for not only has the slave trade been stimulated and encouraged in every way by the Government, but the terms of the decree have been used to cover a rapid but silent advance in the road to ultimate emancipation.

In yesterday's decree the Captain General defines his position and his motives. He begins by stating that it is the duty of the Government to calm the public mind by a clear and frank avowal of its intentions, in order that false comments upon its measures may not alarm and prejudicially affect great interests. He then denies, in the name of the Queen of Spain, the assertion that a pact or covenant has been made with a powerful nation for the purpose of abolishing slavery as a compensation for the preservation of Cuba to the crown of Spain. [He is crafty in this denial, you will perceive, for he does not deny the fact, but only that it has been done as a compensation.] He then admits that such an alliance might be useful, but that Spain would not purchase it at such a sacrifice, and that it really is not necessary to maintain her rights, for that besides a strong army and navy, to protect her cause, "God has planted here hurricanes and epidemics for our foreign enemies." He again denies the truth of this "detestable invention," in the name of the Queen, and asserts that while the sentiment of respect to legitimately acquired authority exists in the Castilian bosom, it shall never be consummated. Then follows this remarkable paragraph, which I translate literally and faithfully:

"But if this course is just, and the Government will ever abandon it, fulfilling its duties, the inhabitants of Cuba have also other and no less sacred duties to fulfil in compliance with the law. It is also true that the life of the Creole bondman should be made more sweet than that of the white man who labors under another name, in Europe." He then declares that the slave trade must and shall be stopped, and asks:

"What pretexts can now be alleged for continuing this shameful traffic?—The necessity of laborers when the Government has facilitated the means of procuring them in abundance?"

He then favors a regular Wilberforce "am I not a man and a brother" tirade against the slave trade, and finally decrees, "that without prejudice to other measures of more transcending importance, which have been submitted to Her Majesty for her royal approbation," the following articles shall be observed and obeyed:

Art. 1. That after a landing of negroes the Government officers shall have authority to search suspected estates.

Art. 2. That on the 1st of August next all slaves shall be registered, expressing name, sex, nation, and age.

Art. 3. All negroes not registered shall be declared free, if Africans, and the holders punished.

Art. 4. Landings of slaves to be reported within twenty-four hours.

Art. 5. Officers not reporting any landing, to be punished.

Art. 6. Slave traders to be banished for two years.

In this decree the intention of the Government to manumit the slaves is explicitly declared in an official manner, and the power which it gives to its officers is the power which the Spanish Government has always refused to use.

though England has urged her to do for very many years.

The measure of greater importance which his Excellency alludes to as having been submitted to the Home Government for approbation, is nothing more nor less than the following:

His Excellency will publish a decree declaring that the civil and social condition of the negro is equal with that of the white. The measure is based upon the declared and written opinion of Archbishop Claret of St. Jago de Cuba, that the equality of the white and black races is a gospel principle of Christianity. The measure has been submitted to the Royal Pretorian audience (our Supreme Court) and has been approved by it.

The decree may appear very soon, or it may be for a little while delayed, but it is already in the port folio of the Marquis of Pezuela.

A complete panic exists here. The foreign merchants are sending their families away; most of them, being Europeans, go to England and France, fearing some great impending evil; four black regiments are being formed; and the interest of money has doubled and even trebled within thirty days. The Government, in order to alleviate in some measure the distress, has created a State bank of discount with \$800,000 capital, but distrust is extending on every hand under the proximate social ruin that menaces us. The number of Creoles who have gone and are preparing to go on apparent tours of pleasure to the United States and to Europe was never a tithe of what it now is.

What adds to the panic is the menacing aspect of affairs with the United States on account of the Black Warrior affair, and the knowledge of the fact that the Captain General has the royal decree authorizing him to declare the immediate abolition of slavery on the declaration of war by the United States, and even on the issuing of letters of marque by it against Spain, if he should deem it proper to do so. Every one is convinced of his willingness to issue the decree even to day.

There have been sent to the United States by the Isabel, of the 22d ult., a colonel of engineers, later an officer under the Military Secretary, and several officers of the army, for the purpose of watching the movements of the Government at Washington, and of the filibusters in the South. They have double passports as civilians and as military officers.

I might write volumes of comments on these facts, but I prefer to submit them naked to your readers. I will only say that I have made all my arrangements to leave the country at an early day, and that you must look for another SENTINEL.

A TOUCHING RELIC OF POMPEII.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, the relics have a merely curious interest; they belong to archaeology, and find appropriate resting places in historical museums.

But there are some exceptions.—Here, for instance, the excavator drops (an uninvited guest) upon a banquet; there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place he finds a miser cowering upon his heap; another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of the painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains—among the splendid evidence of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster—as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of the field of battle. Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of fighting, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had a bag of gold and silver with them—snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track—and vain their wealth, their flight—the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond, and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of his mistress, dying at her feet.

Seen by the light of an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the sense! Does not the imagination picture the little group in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chattering over the day's events and of the unusual heat? Does it not hear with them the troubled swell of the waters in the bay? See, as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness—how the sky opens overhead and flames break out, while coria, sand and molten rocks come pouring down? What movements, what emotion, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant—the hollow monotone of the bay is lifted into yellows and shrieks—the air grows thick and hot with flames—and at the mountain's foot is heard the roll of the liquid lava. Jewels, household gods, gold and silver coins are snatched up on the instant.—No time to say farewell! darkness, then, glutony feeding on its final meal, and frenzied striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all, fancy hears the young girl's scream—the fire is on her jeweled hand. No time for thought—no pause—the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age and youth, with all their stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth and greatness—all the once affluent life are gone forever.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—During the recent term of the Circuit Court, at Noblesville, Iowa, the case of Blair vs Mc Vey for crime con. was tried. The jury found a verdict, upon which judgment was rendered against the defendant for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars! The case is to be taken to the Supreme Court.

John M. DANIEL, present U. S. Charge at Turin, has been mulcted in \$8000 damages in a suit for libel before the U. S. Court at New York. The libel was published in the Richmond, Va., Examiner, when he was editor of that paper. An outrageous verdict.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.



TUESDAY MORNING, May 23, 1854

FOR GOVERNOR,
THOMAS BRAGG, ESQ.—
Of Northampton.

FUN AHEAD.

The Democratic party of this county have the game in their own hands in the approaching election. We hold the "balance of power;" and we have, but to observe the time-honored customs of our party to secure a triumph even in some measure the distress, has created a State bank of discount with \$800,000 capital, but distrust is extending on every hand under the proximate social ruin that menaces us. The number of Creoles who have gone and are preparing to go on apparent tours of pleasure to the United States and to Europe was never a tithe of what it now is.

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The Nebraska excitement continued to rage throughout the last week with unabated fury. The struggle between the friends and enemies of the Bill was very animating, and every conceivable oracle was thrown in the way of its message by those who desire to defeat it. A sharp alteration occurred between Mr. Craig of this State and Mr. Hunt of Louisiana, on the 15th inst. In reply to a remark of Mr. H., Mr. C. stigmatized him as a "factionist." The scene is thus described:

Mr. Hunt again rose to make a proposition.

Mr. Craig objected, amid cries of "Hear him!"

Mr. Hunt.—The gentleman compels me to take ground which I would not otherwise take. The remainder of the sentence was lost in deafening cries of "Order, order."

Mr. Craig.—I look on the gentleman as a factionist, and I declare him such.

Mr. Hunt.—Before the result of the vote was announced on Mr. Sage's motion, Mr. Hunt wished to say a word personal to his feelings.

The Speaker asked whether it was the unanimous wish of the House.

Mr. Hunt.—I object on the same ground as I took before.

Mr. Hunt.—If the gentleman from N. Carolina stigmatizes me as a factionist he speaks a falsehood. [Loud exclamations of order, order.]

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NORFOLK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1854.

CON—Virginia and N. C. hog round new 8¢. Hams 11 a 12cts. RN—White, 66; Yellow 70 a 71cts. Mixed 65¢. HAT—Red, \$175; white, \$175. OUR—\$7.50 to \$9. AXSEED—\$1.30. R.—Mess, \$164. Prime, \$15 a 16. AVES—W. O. Pipe \$56. W. O. Hhd. \$44. R. O. hhd. \$36 a \$50. W. O. Heading \$65. Rough W. O. bbl. \$18. R.—Black, \$2.50. TTON—9 a 9¢ cents. RD—10¢ cents. AS—B. E. \$1.05cts.

ALTIMORE MARKET—May 20. 100—Howard street and City Mills. 25—The supply of wheat is light, about 100 bushels offered, with sales of 100 at \$1.96 a 2.04, red, prime, 1.95 a bushel. 9,000 bushels of corn offered, partly sold at 70 cents for yellow.

J. B. DYER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
respectfully informs his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand an elegant assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, AND TINGS of the finest quality, which he is enabled to make up to order at moderate prices, and in the most fashionableness and workmanship. A complete stock of gentle- man's, Kid and Thread Gloves, Cravats, Stockings, shirts, shorts, and every other article belonging to a gentleman's wardrobe—cares the attention of gentlemen to his with the confident assurance that he will be able to give entire satisfaction in the style, and price of his goods.

J. B. DYER.

GRANT'S
PATENT
PREMIUM GRAIN CRADLES.

THE subscribers are sole agents in this city for these superior Cradles. Farmers of a good article, can safely rely on stock substantial, as well as a light and safe implement. The Fingers are heat from a wood fire, and have set for adjusting the Fingers to the Sneath, so as to be altered in less than a minute, and no danger of losing wedges, which are generally used on the common.

Each Finger has a square eye run through the Sneath, making it strong and evident of the other. We can safely recommend as being the BEST CRADLE, ever made, and we will guarantee it for two years past, and our sales are increasing each year, and our sales are not cheaper than any similar establishment North or South.

Country merchants and dealers from Virginia and North Carolina will please call and examine our stock. The well known superiority of our Ware renders needless any remark on its quality, far better than to mention the fact that it received the Premium at the late Agricultural Fair.

doe 6

FRENCH WINDOW GLASS.—Just received a large supply of French Window Glass, superior quality, which will be sold by A. H. CURRAN & CO.

25

3,500 LBS. Cheese just received and for sale by J. B. FEARING & BRO.

doe 6

A CASK OF ELEGANT SUGAR HOUSE
WM.—elegant for table and culinary purposes.

ap 18

WM. HALSEY,
PARASOLS.—Just received at the Bee Hive, a splendid assortment of figured, plain and lined Parasols, of all fashionable colors.

JAS. SMITH,
Proprietor.

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PORT'S CORNER.

A CATEGORICAL COURTSHIP.

I set one night beside a blue-eyed girl—
The fire was out, and so, too, was her
mother;

A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
Making faint shadows, blending in
each other;

'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in No-
vember;

She had a shawl on also, I remember.

Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking
notion

To pop the question, thinking all was
right;

And once or twice had made an awk-
ward motion

To take her hand, and stammered, cough-
ed and stammered,

But somehow nothing to the point had
uttered.

I thought this chance too good now to
be lost;

I hatched my chair up pretty close
beside her.

Drew a long breath, and then my legs I
crossed.

Bent over, sighed, and for five min-
utes eyed her;

She looked as if she knew what next was
coming.

And with her foot upon the floor was
drumming.

I didn't know how to begin, or where—
I couldn't speak—the words were al-
ways choking;

I scarce could move—I seemed tied to
the chair—

I hardly breath'd—twas awfully pro-
voking!

The perspiration from each pore was
oozing.

My heart and brain and limbs their
power seemed losing.

At length I saw a bridle tabby cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat
her;

An idea came, electric-like at that—

My doubts like summer clouds, began
to scatter;

I seized on tabby, though a scratch sh
gave me.

And said—"Come, Puss, ask Mary if
she'll have me."

'Twas done at once—the murder was
now out.

The thing was all explained in half a
minute;

She blushed, and turning pussy cat about,
Said—"Puss, tell him yes," her foot
was in it;

The cat had thus saved me my category

And here's the catastrophe of my sta-
ry.

THE SLANDERER.

The slanderer is a pest, a disgrace,
an incubus to society, that should be
subjected to a slow cauterization, and
then be topped off like a disagreeable
excrence. Like the viper, he leaves
a shining trail in his wake. Like a tar-
antula, he weaves a thread of cordon
with a web of wiles, or with all the kind
mendacity of hints, whispers forth hi-
tale, that, "like the fable Nile, no
fountain knows." The dead—aye, even
the dead—over whose pale sheeted cor-
pse sleeps the dark sleep no venomous ton-
gue can wake, and whose pale lips have
then no voice to plead, are subjected to
the scandalous attack of the slanderer—

Who wears a mask the Gorgon would
drown.

A cheek of parchment, and and an eye
of stone!

I think it is a Pollock who says the slan-
derer is the foulest whip of sin, whose
tongue was set on fire in hell, and whose
legs were faint with haste to propagate
the lie his soul had framed.

He has a lip of lies, a face formed to
conceal,

That, without feeling, mocks at those
who feel.

There is no animal I despise more than
these moths and scabs of society, the
malicious censurers—

These ravenous flashes who follow only
in the wake,

Of great ships, because perchance they're
great.

Oh, who would disengage all society
with their false lapwing cries. The
slanderer makes few direct charges and
assertions. His long, envious fingers
point to no certain locality. He has an
inimitable shrug of the shoulders, can
give peculiar changes,

Or convey a libel in a frown.

Or wink a reputation down!

He seems to glory in the misery he
entails. The innocent wear the foulest
impress of his smutty palm, and a soul
pure as "arctic snow twice doilyed by
the northern blast" through his warped
and discolored glasses, wear a mottled hue.

A whisper broke the air—

A soft, light tone and low.
Yet barbed with shame and woe!

Not might it only perish there,

No father go.

Ah, me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound;

Another voice then breathed it clear,

And so it wandered round,

From ear to lip, from lip to ear,

Until it reached a gentle heart,

And then—it broke!

Vile wretch! ruinner of fair inno-
cence by foul slanders, in thine own
dark, raven-plumed soul distilled—

Blush—if honest blood a drop remains

To steal its way along thy veins!

Blush—if the bronze long hardened on
thy cheek

Has left one spot where that poor crop
can speak.

[NORTH WADDELL.

The following portion of question was
recently addressed to a lawyer of our
acquaintance at a fair in a neighboring
village:—If distance lends enchant-
ment to the view, and vice refuses to
return it, can distance recover any legal
redress?

A gallant was lately setting be-
side his beloved, and being unable to
think of anything else to say, asked her
why she was like a tailor. "I don't
know," said she, "unless I'm sitting be-
side a goose."

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED BY
WILLIAM T. HINTON,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES.

READY MADE CLOTHING &c.

In returning my thanks to my friends and
the public for their liberal patronage, I
would respectfully inform them that I have just
returned from the cities of Baltimore and New
York with a new supply of everything to be
found in a Variety Store.

I have been quite careful in the selection of
my goods, and feel confident of suiting all who
may favor me with a call, in style, quality and
price. I therefore invite all who are in want of
goods to come and see mine, and hear the prices
before purchasing elsewhere.

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